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at one end, a perfect miniature of the round towers. It was lighted by one window, the architrave of which was of freestone, richly sculptured, but want of good feeling and of good taste, permitted this enriched moulding to be carried away, and bruised into powder for domestic purposes. The interior measures twenty-two feet nine inches in length by fifteen in breadth; its height is twenty feet, and the thickness of the walls three feet six inches. At the eastern end, an arch, the chord of which measures five feet three inches, opens a communication with a smaller chapel, ten feet six inches in length by nine feet three inches in width, having also a small eastern window. The several lower courses of the walls are of a coarse mountain granite; their thickness is three feet, and height about twelve; the door is six feet eight inches high, two feet four inches wide at the top, and four inches wider at the bottom, the stones running the entire thickness of the wall.

"The belfry, which rises from the west end of the church, is a round tower, about fifty feet in height; it is accessible by a small aperture in the ceiling, over which, between the cove and the roof, is a large dark void; it was lighted by a small loop-hole, near the summit. The roof of the church, which is still perfect, and very curious, is comprised of thin stones or flags, neatly laid, and with a very high pitch; the ridge of the roof is thirty feet, while that of the double building at the east end is only twenty.

"Beneath the dark, frowning cliff of Lugduff, on a little patch of arable land, almost inaccessible, except by water, are the ruins of a church, called Teampull-na-Skellig—i. e. the Temple of the Desert or Rock; it is also called the Priory of the Rock, and St. Kevin's cell. Here the saint used to seclude himself for the Lent season, and spend his time wholly in penitence and prayer. It was at a window of this cell, while in a supplicating attitude, and with one hand extended, that a blackbird is said to have descended, and dropped her eggs in St. Kevin's hand.—Tradition states, that the saint never altered the position of his hand or arm, until the poor creature had hatched her eggs, which is the reason that all representations of

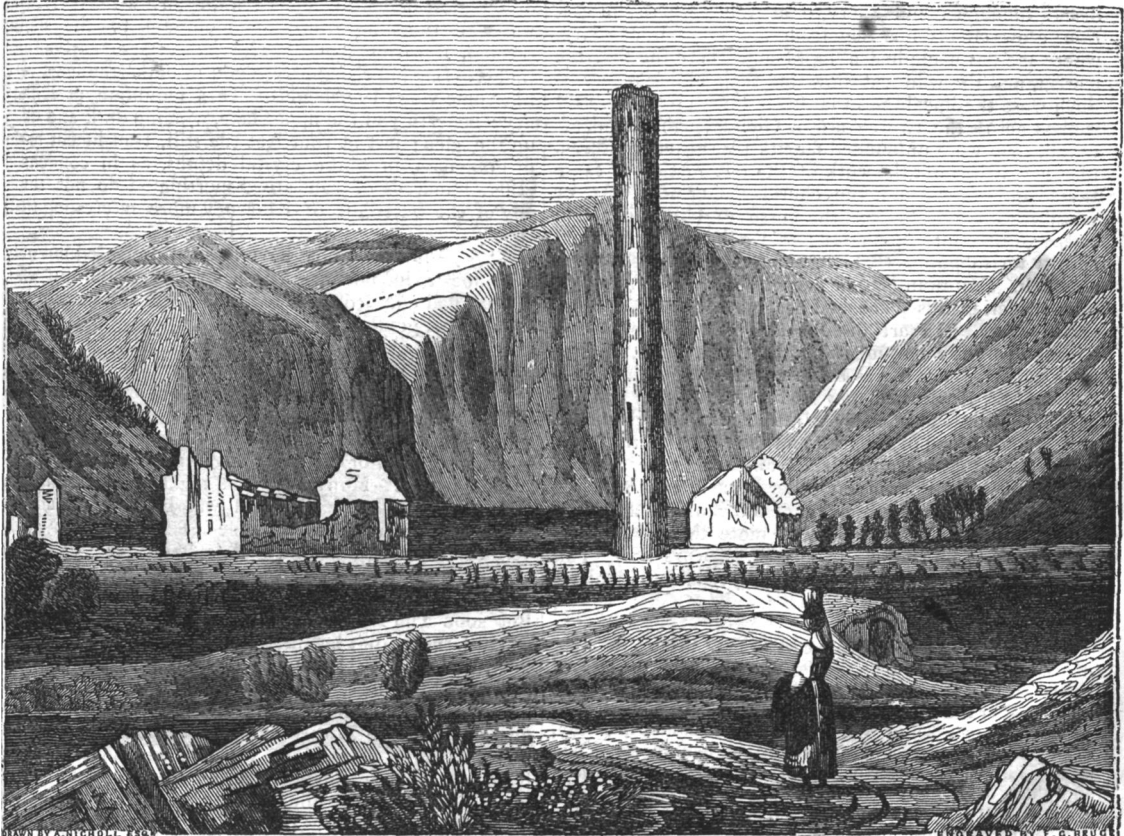
St. Kevin exhibit him with an outstretched hand, and a bird perched upon it.

"Near the Rhefeart church is a Cairn or circular heap of stones, round which pilgrims perform their appointed penance.

"Our description of the most eastern church, perhaps the most important, and which is nearest to the entrance of the vale, has been intentionally postponed, because the visitor generally enters at the northern side of the valley, and making a circuit, takes his leave by the south; this is generally called the abbey, and was dedicated, like the cathedral, to St. Peter and St. Paul. St. Kevin's well lies near the pathway leading from the Rhefeart church to the abbey. The abbey appears to have been the most masterly specimen of the art of building amongst this extensive collection of architectural remains; it originally consisted of two buildings parallel to each other, and of curious and beautiful workmanship; the eastern window was ornamented with rich sculpture. Several of the carved stones were removed and used as key-stones for the arches of the bridge at Derrybawn, but some very curious devices are still to be seen; on one is an engraved wolf, with his tail in his mouth, the whole figure within a triangle. The wolf was an old inhabitant of Glendalough, and not totally extirpated until 1710; the triangle may have some reference to the Trinity, which we know was illustrated by the trefoil or shamrock by St. Patrick. On another stone, two ravens are represented pecking at a skull, a mere emblem of mortality. Runic knots may be discovered on several stones: on one is seen a wolf, the tail of which is entwined in the hair of a man's head; and on others, wolves, or rather wild beasts in general are represented devouring human heads, all simple emblems of mortality.

"These specimens are quite unique in Ireland.

"Why there were exactly seven churches, can be explained only by stating, that the ancient Irish attached some peculiar merit to this number; witness the Seven Churches at Cluanmacnois, Iniscathy, &c., and the seven altars at Holy Cross and Clonfert, &c.



ROUND TOWER AND VALLEY OF GLENDALOUGH.

"There is one monument of antiquity, of more remote date, most probably, than the churches themselves, not yet noticed, although the visitor never loses sight of it during his peregrination through the extensive vale of Glenda-

lough, that is the round tower. The use of these extraordinary buildings are not yet fully ascertained.*

"Before taking leave of these interesting ruins, we will draw again upon the never failing descriptive talent of our able assistant, C. O.

"A cemetery is often an interesting, sometimes even a beautiful spot. I suppose not here, such a dank, noisome enclosure as a city churchyard; neither do I contemplate that finished specimen of Parisian affection, Pere la Chaise. But I summon to my fancy the burying ground of some English village, surrounding a parish church, gray and time-touched, like its venerable vicar; but, like him also, firm, orderly, and upright; a shady place, where—

'The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,'

under chesnuts that witnessed the Norman invasion, and yews that supplied, during the wars of the Plantagenets, the tough bow for the formidable archery of England; or I would rather ponder on such a spot as this at Glendalough—surrounded as it is by mighty mountains, dark winding glens—all its lakes, and streams, rocks, and waterfalls, in keeping and accordant association with a place of ruins—ruins that testify of altars and of a priesthood overthrown—a work-shop made desolate—a people scattered and peeled; where the long, continuous shadow of the lofty and slender round tower moves slowly from morn till eve, over wasted churches, overturned oratories, shattered crosses, scathed yew trees, and the tombs, now undistinguishable, of bishops, abbots, and anchorites—walking its round as time centinel, and telling forth to the Ancient of Days, how many suns have run their diurnal and annual course since these holy men of old had descended to their graves.

"I certainly did feel strongly impressed with the scene around, and entered into abstracted communion with the "*Genius loci*," and my imagination had Coemgen, and Moliba, and Aidan, and their successors, Malachy and Laurence O'Toole, passing before me, and mourning over this their sanctuary, their mountain-retreat for ascetic contemplation, now trodden under foot by the ruthless spoiler, and become curious for its desert loneliness and hoary desolation—where the carrion crow croaks hoarsely from the briared chapelry, where she has made her a nest—and where the fox, the martin, and the wild cat now find their hiding places.—Such were the imaginings that came thick upon me, as I walked across the churchyard of Glendalough. And, after all, they were unfounded fancies I was then possessed of. For it was not the work of the reformation to cause these ruins—it was not the church-spoiler of Henry or Elizabeth's day—nor yet the curse of Cromwell, that swept all here into desolation; as we have the best authority for supposing, that long before the changes brought about by Protestantism, or even before the suppression of monasteries, this place had become a ruined and deserted scene. An archbishop of Tuam, cited by Ware, writing 616 years ago, mentions, that this place, though from ancient times it was held in great veneration on account of St. Kevin, had now become so deserted and desolate, that instead of being a retreat for churchmen, it had become a den of robbers, and the resort of thieves—so much so, that more homicides and crimes are committed in this valley than in any other place in Ireland."

"After a complete inspection of the churches and their appendages, a natural curiosity of more than usual interest remains to be visited; this is St. Kevin's bed. This wonder-working couch is a small cave, capable of contain-

* "A recent antiquarian appears to have thrown the light of historical evidence upon this "*rezata questio*" of the learned brotherhood. His essay, which was honoured with a prize and medal by the unanimous decision of the Royal Irish Academy, is not yet before the public. We cannot, therefore, avail ourselves of his reasons; but are, we believe, correct in stating his conclusion to be, that these towers were belfries and places of strength attached to ecclesiastical edifices. His arguments, it is generally said, are free from conjecture, and founded on authentic history, as well as the actual sites, positions, and architectural characters of these remarkable ruins."

ing three persons at most, in the front of a rock, hanging perpendicularly over the lake; the approach is by a narrow path along the steep side of the mountain, at every step of which the slightest false trip would precipitate the pedestrian into the lake below; certainly the guide endeavours to infuse an additional degree of confidence into his followers, by assuring them, that since the fate of the fair Cathleen, at which period St. Kevin prayed that none might ever find a watery grave in that lake, no mortal has ever perished there. There is one place in particular where all the eloquence of the guide is sure to be exerted to encourage the party, and where it frequently proves unsuccessful, that is, the ledge of the rock called the *Lady's Leap*. After passing this rubicon, the landing-place immediately above the cave is soon reached, without difficulty; but the visitor must descend with caution, his face turned to the rock down which he climbs, while the guide directs which way he is to turn, and where to plant his foot, until at last he reaches the mouth of the sainted bed.

"The bed is about thirty feet from the surface of the water, and the front of the rock, for the whole of its height or depth, perfectly perpendicular. Those who are not disposed to confide in the efficacy of St. Kevin's prayers, for the safety of his posthumous visitors, can see the cave distinctly from the opposite side of the lake; and if there should be any person entering at the time, it will mark out the path and its dangers more distinctly than even those actually engaged in the task can themselves perceive.

"We are now under the necessity of leaving for a while the beaten track, in order to introduce our reader to scenery less familiar to the tourist's foot, and not so much within the showman's catalogue.

"After picking our way," writes our friend C. O. faithful as 'Old Truepenny' in Hamlet, but a trifle more companionable on a mountain side, 'through miry ways and sundry sloughs, and leaving the first lake called Lough-na-Peche (or Pias) behind us, we arrived at the ravine dividing the hill of Derrybawn from the higher and more precipitous mountain of Lugduff. Here is one of the most delightful spots I know any where. A wild waterfall tumbling from the mountain to the south, through a ravine fringed with all sorts of appropriate timber—Lugduff rising before you in dark grandeur, very like some views I have got of Turk mountain at Killarney; beneath you the upper lake, winding dark and deep up the glen; just at your feet the still, translucent basin of Poolanass, in whose crystal depths, as in condensed ether, hundreds of trout are disporting—I do not think any of the waterfalls of Killarney more interesting than this."

"A good steady boat hove in sight, freighted not only with Joe Irwin, but also with a strange gentleman, who, like us, had come to see Kevin's bed, &c. and he also had brought his guide."

STORY OF TIM DWYER.

"In the boat the story of Dwyer is narrated:—Tim Dwyer was worth a ship-load of him—a stouter fellow never pointed a pike—a fleet foot never lifted a brogue—a clearer head or eye never measured danger, or planned an escape. Many a day and night he lay within the face of yon hill—Kevin's bed was his retreat and his sleeping place, until it was made too hot for him. Government hearing that this was his haunt, sent down the Highlanders; they thought that because they were mountain men, they would be the only match for the boys. But soon Tim Dwyer showed the Sawneys a trick or two worth learning—not but that the petticoats were fine fellows, and if they knew the mountain passes, and the caves, and the bogs, and the toghers, they maybe would have snaffed Dwyer—but every cock crows best on his own dunghill—so Dwyer and his boys made a show of them. Dwyer, gentlemen, was one summer's morning lying fast asleep in the bed, and a serjeant's guard of the Highlanders was patrolling along the other side of the lake just opposite to us; the party was commanded by serjeant Donald M'Bane, who is remembered here to this day, as one of the best shots that ever rammed down a

bullet; some people were even led to believe he could shoot a man round a corner. Well—this keen, canny Sawney, thought he saw something in the bed, and he ups with his terrible gun, and sure enough he was near giving Dwyer his billet for the other world—for the ball grazed his thigh, cut away the skin upon his ribs, but did no real injury, except tapping a little of his blood; and now my poor fellow thought it high time for him to bolt, and so, naked that he might run light, he took to his well-known pass up the face of Lugduff. The Highlanders, like sporting fellows, immediately grounded their muskets, and, bayonet in hand, started off in pursuit: some making after him by the head of the lake, towards Gleneola; others turned to the left, and made their way over the stream by Polanass. In the meanwhile Dwyer was toiling up the face of the mountain, and they could see a streak of blood running from shoulder to flank, and down the white limbs of the clean-skinned fellow; when half way up the hill, he turned him round to look after the Scotchmen, and saw that all had turned either to the right or left of the lake in making towards him, and had left the whole of Comaderry side without a man. Dwyer at once changed his plan, bounced and bounded down the face of the hill, plunged into the lake at Templenaskellig, swam across the water before you could say Jack Robinson, and took possession of all the Scotchmen's muskets and cartridge boxes—and now maybe it was not he that shouted, and crowed, and triumphed, as one after another he pitched the guns and ammunition into the lake; you could hear his huzzas rattling and echoing through the hills, as if the mountains clapped hands with joy, and tossed the triumph from one to another; he then very leisurely lounged away towards Toulengagee mountain, and so off towards his old haunts under Lugnaquilla.

"Our space does not allow of the sequel of Dwyer's story—the more as we cannot omit the description of an ascent into Kevin's bed, which follows:

"By this time we had rowed under Kevin's bed, and landing adjoining to it, ascended an inclined stratum of the rock to a sort of ledge, or resting place, from whence I and some others prepared to enter the bed. Here the guides make much ado about proposing their assistance; but to any one who has common sense and enterprise, there is no serious difficulty; for by the aid of certain holes in the rock, and points which you can readily grasp, you can turn into this little artificial cave, which in fact is not bigger than a small baker's oven; and were it not that it hangs some twenty-five feet perpendicularly, over the dark deep lake, this cavity, not larger than many a pig-stye I have seen excavated in the side of a bank, could not attract so many visitors. I, and two young men who followed me, found it a very tight fit when crouched together in it: at the further end, there is a sort of pillow and peculiar excavation made for the saint's head, and the whole of the interior is tattooed with the initials of such as have adventured to come in. Amongst the many, I could observe those of Sir Walter Scott, Lord Combermere, &c. &c.; and we were shown the engravings of certain blue stocking dames, as for instance, Lady M——n, who had made it her temporary *boudoir*. Just where the left shoulder of the saint may be supposed to have rested, I took leave to inscribe a little *c. o.*, conceiving it might be well to have an entry on the saint's bead-roll, along with the gallant and gifted individuals who are registered therein. And yet, after all, while reclining here, some sceptical doubts did intrude, whether any but a madman or an outlaw could ever have thought of making it his resting-place."

MELANCHOLY EVENT.

"Not long ago, as some of our party informed me, a sad event took place in consequence of a superstition. A lovely young woman, the pride of the vale in which she lived, and not a year married to a youth, every way worthy of her, came to the patron, attended by her mother and only sister, and large with her first child: after going the usual rounds about the churches, she was led by her mother towards the Bed; and though she and her sister expressed strong repugnance towards the duty, the superstitious old crone urged them forward, and actually

pushed them on to the enterprise. Though midsummer, the day, as frequently happens in these mountains, was dark and blustery; storm clouds enveloped Lugduff, and the waves of the windlashed lake sent their spray even up to the level of the Bed; and from the cliffs and fissures of the precipices around, fitful sounds, as it were wailings of grief and agony, came down. On such a day there could be no approach to the Bed by water, and they must take the path overhead, unsheltered, steep, and slippery: perhaps the young woman's peculiar situation unnerved her—but she felt dizzy, and trembled exceedingly; still the old voteen goaded her on, and just as they gained the point of the path, over the Bed, a gust from the mountain swept against them, and the eldest lost her presence of mind and footing; with a shriek she went down, dragging her sister after her into the depths of the lake; for a moment they rose, and their white garments were seen mixing with the foam—and then sunk for ever!"

"C. O. next describes the still more difficult exploit of the turning stone: 'Understanding well enough Joe's motive for drawing me off from his offensive rivals, I attended him towards a precipice not far from Kevin's bed, along the face of which, and some fifteen or twenty feet from the water, a ledge runs about four inches broad, at the end of which there is a shelf somewhat wider, and on which, according to tradition, if a person turns round three times, having faith, he will never go to hell. Having a clear head and active body, I ventured on and accomplished the experiment, but as my faith was neither full nor active, I am inclined to look to some surer safeguard from the wrath to come.'

"A little further on, the oldest of the Seven Churches is met, Tempulnaskellig, where St. Kevin 'kept his Lents,' according to the trusty Joe.

LEGEND OF CATHLEEN AND ST. KEVIN.

"The fair Cathleen was descended of an illustrious race, and endowed with rich domains: having heard of the fame of St. Kevin, at that time a youth, she went to listen to his religious admonitions; but unholy thoughts crept in amidst the telling of her beads, and she became enamoured of the youthful saint. Tradition says, it was the intention of the saint to have built his abbey in the valley of Luggelaw, on the margin of Lough Tay; but that the repeated visits of Cathleen, while he sojourned there, induced him to remove to some retreat where he might be freed from her interruptions, and he ultimately decided upon Glendalough.

"Just when he had established his religious seminaries, and supposed himself at rest for the remainder of his mortal career, the beautiful but unhappy Cathleen renewed her visits. Determined to avoid the temptations of so much innocence and fidelity in one so fair, and to spare her tender feelings, the saint withdrew to his stony couch in the inaccessible front of Lugduff. Day after day Cathleen visited the wonted haunts of her beloved Kevin, but he was no where to be found. One morning as the disconsolate fair was slowly moving along the church-yard path, the favourite dog of St. Kevin met and fawned upon her, and turning swiftly, led the way to his master's sequestered home. Here then follows the most uncharitable part of the saint's conduct, for, awaking and perceiving a female leaning over him, 'although there was heaven in her eye,' he hurled her from the beetling rock. The next morning, says one traditionary historian, the unfortunate Cathleen, whose unceasing affection seems to have merited a better fate, was seen, for a moment, on the margin of the lake, wringing her flowing locks, but never was heard of more.

This tale is the subject of Moore's Melody:

By that lake whose gloomy shore
Sky-lark never warbles o'er,
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.
"Here at least," he calmly said,
"Woman ne'er shall find my bed."
Ah! the good saint little knew
What that wily sex can do.
'Twas from Cathleen's eyes he flew
Eyes of most unholy blue!

She had lov'd him well and long,
Wish'd him her's nor thought it wrong.
Wheresoe'er the saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh;
East or west, where'er he turned,
Still her eyes before him burned.

On the bold cliff's bosom east,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
Dreams of heaven, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there.
But nor earth, nor heaven is free
From her power, if fond she be;
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Cathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

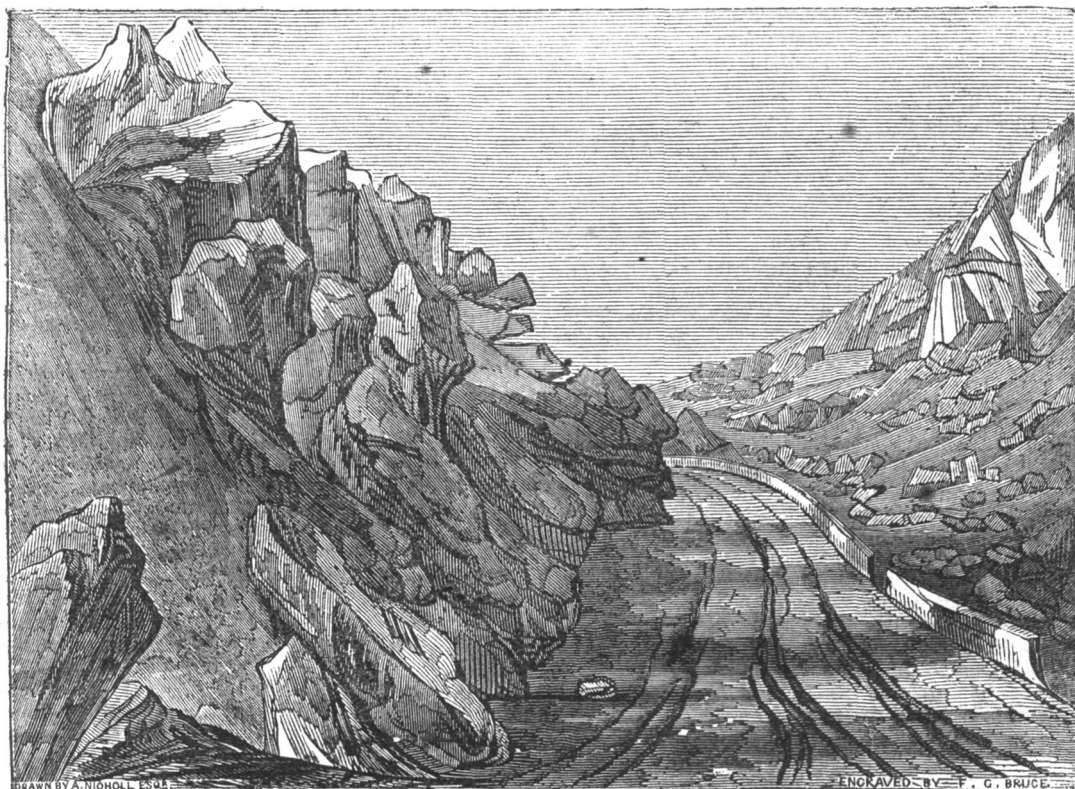
Fearless she had tracked his feet,
To this rocky wild retreat!
And when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.
Ah! you saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And with rude repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

Glendalough! thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Cathleen's grave.
Soon the saint, (yet ah too late,)
Felt her love and mourn'd her fate.
When he said, 'Heaven rest her soul!
Round the lake light music stole;
And her ghost was seen to glide
Smiling, o'er the fatal tide!

"The reader is now probably content to quit Cathleen, St. Kevin, and Glendalough, and will be disposed to pardon the numerous fables brought within his view, when he is informed, that no where else have they a collective existence."

Such is the description which our guide gives of the valley of Glendalough, and as our readers must by this time have perceived that the little volume not only furnishes a faithful directory to the beauties of Wicklow, but is also replete with legends and stories connected with the places it describes, we feel it unnecessary to pen a line in the way of recommendation. The work possesses this advantage over the generality of guide books, while it must prove extremely interesting to those who purpose making the tour of Wicklow, it may be read with pleasure and satisfaction by the fireside among the social circle. With the exception of one little volume, "The Northern Tourist, or Stranger's Guide to the North of Ireland"—(and we must of course at all times be admitted to make this exception, being ourselves personally concerned)—the present Guide Book to the county of Wicklow is the best thing of the kind we have ever seen.

We have noticed one or two trivial errors with regard to the present proprietors of demesnes and resting places on the road, but these do not materially affect the general accuracy of the work; they should be carefully looked after in future editions. The volume contains several well executed engravings, from one of which we have copied the design in our first page.



THE SCALP, COUNTY OF WICKLOW.

In our 82d number, already referred to, will be found a correct description of this very extraordinary natural pass through the mountains which divide the counties of Dublin and Wicklow. "It is situated about two miles from Enniskerry, on the road to Dublin. The opposite hills appear to have been rent asunder by some tremendous convulsive shock, and being composed of granite strata, the internal structure, when exposed to view, presents the secret recesses of nature in an awful and appalling point of view. Enormous masses

of granite, many tons in weight, are tossed about in the most irregular manner, and so imperfect and unfinished was the effort of nature in creating this gulf, that the opposite sides of the pass are distant only the breadth of a narrow road from each other; in some places enormous masses actually interrupt the continued regularity of the limit of the road."

DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 3, Cecilia-street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.